THE CELESTIAL CUSTOMS. Sir Robert Hart and His Wonderful Work in China.

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE MARITIME CUSTOMS-HIS GENEROSITY AND PUNCTUALITY-HOW HE TREATS HIS SUB-ORDINATES-HANDLING IMMENSE SUMS.

From The Star's Traveling Commissioner.

PEKING, CHINA. "The L.G." These letters, meaningless at home, call up instantly in the mind of every foreigner in China a very distinct and striking image-they are as familiar here in the far east as H. R. H. or D. T. are at home. And a remarkable proportion of those who hear them tremble. For the image is that of the benevclent despot, whose outstretched hand unites or severs the Celestial kingdom and the outside barbarian world; through whose fingers five hundred millions of dollars have run into the coffers of the Son of Heaven, and never a one of them stuck; to whom the prondest Chinamen that ever wore pigtails turn for advice in difficulty or danger when other helpers fail; who has staved off a war by writing a telegram; who has declined with thanks the proffered dignity of an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of her Britannic majesty: who has cne heart is, while ringed China round with an administrative commercial organization the whole world cannot surpass; who, finally, born to struggle for the poet's bays, has labored late and early all his life over dollars and duties, with a diplo matic nut which other people have failed to by which Sir Robert Hart has accomplished so crack, thrown to him now and then for relaxa-"The L G." signifies a person and a post; the former is Sir Robert Hart, K. C. M. G., the latter is inspector-general of the imperial Chinese maritime customs. And the transcendence of the customs service in China may be judged from the fact that a commissioner once ok personal affront and quitted the sacred edifice when a missionary implored the Almighty to "deliver this people from their wicked customs." Just as Mrs. Gladstone is said to have interpreted a pious allusion to "One above" as a polite reference to her husband in the drawing-room upstairs.

THE MOST INTERESTING FOREIGNER. After the above, I fear it will seem an anticlimax to say that Sir Robert Hart is far and away the most interesting and influential forand with the Tsung-li Yamen he has the influence which thirty years of close dealing with Chinese officials gives him, backed by the proud boast that they have never regretted taking his advice. Then he handles the service he has created from nothing to one which employs nearly 3,000 people, presides over an annual foreign trade of \$188,000,000, collects \$20,000,000 a year, clears 22,000,000 tons of shipping annually and lights 1,800 miles of coast, exactly as an engineer handles a machine he has constructed-just as tenderly and just as ruthlessly. And yet very few of the men whose livelihood and prospects are absolutely and at every moment in his hands, without the possibility of appeal or even protest, would willingly see anybody else in his place. The mere ir-responsibility of the "I. G." would ruin most A FREE HAND.

Yet Sir Robert owes all his success to his free hand. Does he learn of an old friend or schoolmate fallen upon evil times? "Send your boy to me," he telegraphs, and the youngster's future depends then only upon his own ability and industry. When there was a particularly bad piece of work to be done by one of his sub-ordinates, in delimiting the new Tongking-Chinese frontier-months of lonely labor, in savagery and solitude, with never a breath to draw that might not bring fever with it, whom did he send? His brother. Yet his avowal of nepotism is refreshingly frank. "I have never." he says, "advanced a worse man over a better, yet if promotion is due to one of two men of sight and famous in their execution. equal deserts, and one of them is of my own sh and blood, it would be simply unr to pass him over." More than once already he s brought out the son of some companion of his boyhood, seen him grow up in the service from student to commissioner, save his compe-tency and retire leaving his benefactor and chief still working the same number of hours every

But he rules with a despotism that a czar "I. G." by a commissioner of customs of one of the ports, for drunkenness or discrediting But a commissioner who should be discovered to have reported a subordinate unjustly would gram could reach him. His secretary and representative in England. Mr. Duncan Campbell, C. M. G., who has already distinguished him-self in diplomacy on behalf of China and his chief at Paris and Lisbon, is expected to be absolutely impersonal in putting all applicants return, and as a sop to nature, he is permitted to send out one of his own friends, otherwise too, in the neighborhood of Hong Kong and the properly qualified, to a certain number of impartial appointments. So the benevolent HIS SERVICE.

Sir Robert Hart left the consular service for the customs-it was barely in existence thenin 1859, and in 1863 he became inspector-general. And during the thirty years that have intervened he has been home twice, once for twelve months and once for six—that is, he has had in his whole lifetime less holiday than one of his subordinates gets every five years. He has never been to the western hills, a few miles away, to which all the foreigners in Peking retreat in summer, and he has never even seen the great wall, two days' journey distant. But next spring, he says, he is certainly going home. "Pooh," say people in the customs service, when I tell them this; "he's been 'going home in the spring for the last ten years." As for the services he has rendered to China, to England and to the world the statesmen of Europe know them very well, and it would take a volume to tell them to others. TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA.

Besides the creation of the customs service | did he do? itself, which will be his immortality, to take cluded the treaty between France and China. All negotiations had failed and matters looked very black and threatening. Then, as usual, hand, must ask them to raise it by 400,000 taels, the ministers of the Tsung-li Yamen came to which they immediately did! With this 1,700. Sir Robert. He agreed to take up the task on his two invariable conditions—that he should have a free hand, and that his connection with the affair should be kept a profound secret till "den" in Peking and the Quai d'Orsay, and very awkward ones they were. Month after commissioner. Instead of a promise of penmonth they proceeded, and at last when 80,000 sion, which Sir Robert felt that he could not month they proceeded, and at last when 80,000 taels had been spent in telegrams, the end was Sir Robert got into his chair and went to the Tsung-li Yamen. The ministers were there. e sat down to a cup of tea with them. By and by he remarked, with the apparent indif-ference of the Oriental diplomat, "It is exactly nine months to-day since you placed the negotiations with France in my hands.

"AND THE CHILD IS BORN," instantly cried one of the ministers, seeing the point and delighted at the truly Chinese way of conveying the information. And the funny part of the business was that all this time a special French envoy had been residing at Tientsin, chafing at the slow progress he was making, and not having the least idea that | these days who can see his son safely started | other negotiations had been on foot until he received word from home that he might return, as all was arranged. He was so angry that he would not speak to Sir Robert, After sending the last telegram settling the French business, Sir Robert went to the funeral service of Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, who had just died. As he entered the chapel of the legation a messenger caught him with a telegram. He stopped a moment and opened it a dispatch from Lord Granville offering

appointment received the queen's signature on ice will now run of itself, and that they may, May 3, 1885. At his own request the matter was kept secret at home while arrangements keep it?" and Lord Salisbury replying in very complimentary terms that he was free to do exactly as he thought best, he finally declined, the empress, as his official reply truly but per-haps inadequately explained, preferring that be should remain.

A MUCH DECORATED CIVILIAN I have said that the statesmen of Europe are well aware of Sir Robert Hart's services, and the proof of this is that there are few civilians so decorated as he. In England a conservative government made him C. M. G., and a liberal one added the K. C. M. G. Sweden made him a chevalier of the Order of Gustavus Vasa; Bel-gium, a commander of the Order of Leopold;

France, a grand officer of the Legion of Honour; Italy, a grand officer of the Crown of Italy; Anstria sent him the grand cross of the Order of Francis Joseph. America has presented him with several medals of republican appreciation; Portugal has decorated him with the Military Order of Christ; the emperor of China has conferred upon him the coveted peacock's feather and the Order of the Double Dragon, and his Orange friends at Belfast—his native place— will no doubt be much interested and pleased to learn that he is, by direct gift from the pope-nothing less than "sub annulo pisca--a Commander of the Papal Order of Pins IX. As for knowledge of China and the Chinese, there is no one living who can compare with him, and I learned more of the inner vorking of celestial affairs during the fortnight that I had the honor of being his guest than years of simple residence could have afforded,

TWO DIFFERENT PROPIE The "I. G." and Sir Robert Hart, however, ere two very different people. "I was calling upon Lady Hart one day," said a lady to me, "and as I wished to speak to Sir Robert I was shown into his office. I found the 'I. G.' there. Oh. it was terrible—I covered my face and fled!" The distinction has, indeed, been admitted by himself. He is not Jekvll and Hyde, but he is certainly poet and person. Among the many verses he has written at different times I have seen one which avows the fact, Heine-like both in substance and form. It is called "The Twin

It blossoms oft and smells so sweetly: It flowers and fades—before one knows It buds, it dies—does both completely!

THE SECRET much is an extraordinary devotion to method, most extraordinary of all for an Irishman. This is a subject on which he is far from averse to giving good advice to men younger than himseif, and on which, too, he establishes an immediate entente cordiale with his guests. early tea," he says, "will be brought to you when you ring your bell-please ring it once only, holding the button pressed while you can count three. Then it will be convenient to you to tiffin at 12 sharp? Because if not, I will tiffin myself at 12 sharp and order your tiffin to be served at any hour you like. I ride from 3 to 5—there is always a mount for you if you wish it. Dinner at 7:30 sharp, and I must ask you always to excuse me at 11." The consequence is that

EVERYTHING RUNS LIKE CLOCKWORK house has had his tea every afternoon for thirty years. Upon a shelf stands a large blue- as was quite proper. Mr. Bond scowled terribly bly sure of his next week's dinners. The most and-white cup. Out of that he has drunk his tea for thirty years. And by employing the when there chanced to fall just at Dr. Naseby's tea for thirty years. And by employing the odd moments that his "boy"—who is punctuality itself—has kept him waiting each day in that chair for that cup, he has managed during the last year or two to read the whole of Lucan's Pharsalia! Of course he has kept a diary since he could hold a pen.

ALWAYS ON TIME. To test his preciseness I made a point of To test his preciseness I made a point of her flower? What do you say to the 'Violet | Fifth avenue together. At a certain florist's on standing each day behind my door, watch in | Guild?' It's quite simple, and quite approprihand, till the clock struck 12 or half-past 7. ate to the notion Miss Bryce has already ex-Then I walked in to the central hall from my pressed of giving a few flowers to the poor own side of the house. Sure enough the door | people on Easter day." opened opposite me and my host walked in man I may conclude these personalities by saying that he is of medium height and slight build, rather bald, with a kind, thoughtful and humorous face, a low voice, a shy and punctilious manner; that he is a most entertaining companion, a teller of countless good stories, fond of fun and merry company, devoted to his children-as well he may be-a player of the violin and 'cello, and a host whose care and thoughtfulness for his guests are feminine in their in-

THE CUSTOMS' SERVICE. And what, in a word, is the customs' service; It is simply the collection of all their maritime customs at the nineteen treaty ports, reaching over \$20,000,000 last year, their chief source of national income, which the Chinese "Rich!" echoed Bond, dismally, "What's asked in a thin treble, broken by a hollow customs at the nineteen treaty ports, reachhave confided to the hands of one foreigner, leaving him absolutely free and irresponsible, his action unhampered by any colleague, and his accounts unaudited. In passing round the coast of China you frequently see a smart little might envy. Any subordinate reported to the cruiser flying the yellow flag, with perhaps a miniature steel turret and a couple of quickfiring guns on board, or in a swift launch passing you will notice the Chinese crew and forit. reled Nordenfeldt projecting over the bow. These are the customs fleet, watching the coast for smugglers, and ready at a moment's notice high that smuggling is extremely profitable, and therefore the customs officers are propor- and dirty children. tionally keen in discovering and preventing it.

ALONG THE COAST. treaty ports you will see little stations, consisting of a house or two, a few boats, and a look-out. These are also the customs, and all the lighthouses are in the same hands. Indeed, Sir Robert Hart has already established the "customs post" between the treaty ports, and at Chefoo he would have given China an imperial post-office and an imperial silver coinage as well. The relations between Sir Robert Hart and the Chinese government exhibit the most extraordinary example of confidence in individual integrity that I have ever heard of. The "I. G." fixes the total cost of the service, the Tsung-li Yamen hands it over to him without a word, and all money collected is paid directly by the tary standard in China, a Mexican dollar and a half, 4s, 6d.), but an envious Chinamen whom I will not name, approached the ministers at the Yamen with a secret offer to do it for 500,000 tacks less. The Yamen quietly informed Sir Robert of the attempt to cut him out. What

One of his most characteristic actions. He replied that the annual sum had been inadequate for some years, and that he, on the other hand, must ask them to raise it by 400,000 taels, others the salaries he considers just. The pay he either succeeded or failed. Then negotiation began by telegraph in cipher between his learn Chinese is 900 taels a year, and this rises to 8,000 taels, more or less, the pay of a full be certain the Chinese would keep when he reached, the protocol was signed in Paris, and should be gone, he pays a bonus of one year's pay for seven years' service the indoor staff, for ten years' service to the the Chinese staff. But this bonus may be withheld at his pleasure (he has never yet withheld it), and it therefore does not form part of a dead man's estate—a thoughtful provision for widows and children. The indoor staff get two years' leave after every five years' service, and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor one year after every ten, both and the outdoor of it), and it therefore does not form part of a and the outdoor one year after every ten, both on half-pay. As may be expected, the personnel of so attractive a service is of a very high class, comprising all nationalities, and to be 'in the customs" confers social standing throughout the far east. He is a fortunate father in

HE RAISED IT.

on so pleasant, so well paid, so assured a road

THE ONE DARK SPOT on the horizon of this great organization is the question of Sir Robert Hart's successor. If it a foreigner it is almost certain to be an Englishman, at least the appointment of a man of any other nationality, however qualified in other respects, would be as unwelcome to the service as it would be impolitic and unfair. Of this, however, there is little danger. There is some fear, however, that the Chinese ministers will BRITISH MINISTER TO CHINA.

He accepted, after much hesitation, and his him by a Chinaman, in the belief that the servtherefore, just as well follow the usual custom of selling the post to the highest bidder. Such state at home that the inspectorate "will have finished its work when it shall have produced a native administration, as honest and as efficient, to replace it." Does the experience of a quarter of a century lead him still to cherish this youthful hope of Chinese honesty and efficiency? I cannot say, of course, but I should be extremely surprised to learn it.

HENRY NORMAN. "Onward and upward" is the motto of THE EVENING STAR. Onward in its extending influence, upward in its circulation and advertising business. The increase is a steady,

EASTER VIOLETS.

L-THE GUILD. Young Dr. Naseby's young parishioners had heiress, who had literary pretensions, proposed lined face was not overhandsome, but very ex-

A young lady, rigidly patterned on an English horsewoman, made the next proposal—"The Victoria." Then a school girl proposed "Gentle Deeds," and a thoughtless fellow suggested "Yes," he continued, "on the smooth faces of stock broker, a handsome man, shining with prosperity, from the latest thing in neckties, with a black pearl in it. down the correct waistcoat and unwrinkled marvel of the London Hearts," and tells how serious and unchanging cate-theart is, while

The other heart's a monthly rose:

How and any marked marver of the bounds as well, then said that all any marked marver of the bounds and unchanging trousers, to the points of his glossy boots, as rakish as the yacht he owned. Charlie held up a bit of card-board, on which was emblazoned

Kilbraith for a moment turned his head away. by Tiffany a gorgeous monogram. "There," & E. O.'-Consolidated Refreshment and Enter- swered:

"What the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed Bond, angrily. "Why, 'consolidated refreshment,'" answer-

ed Kilbraith, quietly.
"No," said Bond, getting very excited and red. "'consolidated organization."

"Nobody's going to travel a mile to read 'organization' when refreshment' is placed so hap"Oh." answered Kilbraith, lightly, "my eigner in China. To begin with, his power is enormous. Chinese, so far as his own field is enormous. Chinese, so far as his own field is

> feet a little bunch of violets that had been nestling in the front of a young lady's dress. That young lady was very pretty, and her name was Kathleen Bryce. The clergyman picked them neth Esme Kilbraith, very much at your servup, tested their fragrance, and suddenly perceived a way out of the dilemma. "As Miss Bryce has been mainly instrumental in found-"
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> Miss Bryce rose and said, "I'll go with you," ing the guild," he said, "why not call it after

Bond softened at once and looking pointedly from the other. It was like watching for a transit of Venus, or waiting for the apostles to delicately clapped their hands. But Miss Bryce, come out of the clock at Strasburg at noon.

And as I find I have not said a word of his outer fair, with beautiful big brown eyes, protested: who was a girl of about twenty-two, slight and | bunches, each with a spray of lily-of-the-valley | giving medicines without a prescription round "Oh, don't let us have anything personal,

and as if approving only because there was no possible room for objection. There's nothing almost haughty. As it was, he felt rather puz-

his admirable fusion of dignity and gallantry, declared, "I'm glad the name comes from you, bent. A long cloak of some stuff that had even indirectly, for the whole good work is lost all namable color and texture flapped yours." Charlie Bond watched him closely; for about her, and she clutched at the rents to hold home. I'll go with you." Bond, as all his friends knew, was paying desperate suit to Miss Bryce. "I say, Charlie," whispered his friend Olly,

that? Why, old Bryce has ten millions. What's cough, "How much are they?" money to a girl like that?" Thereupon Olly produced unconsciously a deal-three dollars."

charming sarcasm on matrimony: "I say, Charlie. I'll go for a poor girl, after all, because then a fellow's dead sure of not being refused." Kilbraith, overhearing this guileless bitterness, sauntered toward Miss Bryce and repeated She merely availed herself of that great! eign skipper in dapper uniforms and a ten-bar- safeguard of peaceful social intercourse, a meaningless laugh. But as the laugh of a pretty woman may bear interpretation, Dr. Naseby regarded her with intensity. Bond to fetch back some outgoing junk that disobeys the waving of the red flag signal to heave to to open the piano, for this was an entertainty. the waving of the red flag signal to heave to and be examined. The duty on opium is so ment evening and there would presently be an into the folds of her dress. Then, apparently and dirty children.
"Dr. Naseby," asked Bond, looking after him,

> can have the time or the talent to be an efficient member of our guild?" member of our guild?"
> "Well," answered Dr. Naseby, struggling to be fair. "I have left the membership of the taken up by the wind and driven from side to

Kathleen knew she was facing a question by except for the influence of Sir Thomas Wade at Chefoo he would have given China an imperial post-office and an imperial silver coinage by the standing by his side, but she had spring forward and snatched up the whole to test her feelings toward the object of their great handful of violets. Two tears were chascommon aversion, and that object was the only man she really cared for in the wide world. "Well, we must all admit that Mr. Kilbraith

discouraged further conversation on that submerchants into the Chinese bank. A little while ago it was 1,309,000 taels annually (a with literary people, called out, jocosely, "Mr. Kilbraith, we are wondering what prompts you to belong to the guild."

"Oh," replied Kilbraith, retiring with the rest behind the piano, as the benches in front were filling up with the ragged poor of the neighborhood, "I come here for the company." "Thanks, awfully, I'm sure," said Bond, sarcastically, and giving a meaning look around

"Don't trouble yourself," answered Kilbraith, this. Ready, Miss Bryce?"

II.-KILBRAITH'S POSITION. The Violet Guild was flourishing, and Miss Bryce continually employed Mr. Kilbraith in looking after her poor people, whom he man-aged with great success. Summoned by a little "Here." Kilbraith called out, kindly; "stop, note, he would meet the young lady in her own | won't you? A lady has sent you these violets. dainty sitting-room, but with a careless or sometimes with a stern air. One morning, sort of rapture against her face, crooning and Dr. Naseby, who was just leaving the house, then nearly stumbled over a huge basket of orchids bearing Charlie Bond's card, which made him a little sterner that morning than ever bechids bearing Charlie Bond's card, which made him a little sterner that morning than ever before. Kathleen, after taking guild for a while, tience, and overtaking her once more. "Can't you understand? She gives them to

tainment of buying bric-a-brac and seeing the tea-eh?" world, so to speak, from her own carriage win-

"What!" exclaimed Kilbraith, "do you sup-

man, pay his tailor and his hatter with his wife's dollars?"

tone. "Ye gods! hear Opulence arraigning Indigence! Is money found in the gutters or plucked like daisies in the field? Why, what do you learn of the relations of toil and wage formed a very young charity guild, and having rented their headquarters in a properly squalid that a needle-woman's hard labor from sunrise part of New York, the question arose as to the to midnight can procure her only so many choice of a name. Miss Van Coyte, a great cents a day is a certain shock; but never having felt the bitter punishment of the pay that is just enough to make never-ceasing toil im-"The Eleemosynary." But "How do you spell it?" came so patly from Mr. Kilbraith, an impecunious journalist, whose fame was as yet impecunious journalist, whose fame was as yet obscure, that the motion died of its own absurdity. This Mr. Kilbraith was a broadsurdity. This Mr. Kilbraith was a broadsurdity somewhat loosely, who was of the complexion as much as the bird that has wings to skim the known as "sandy," and whose prematurely ocean knows of the sufferings of the poor shipwrecked creatures who, lacking such wings, struggle, shriek and go down in the black waters. Miss Bryce bent her head and watched him,

"Yes," he continued, "on the smooth faces of

you try to help the poor, the straying, the fallen, they shrink away, because there is no voice of kinship in the appeal."

away; then, clinching a hand over the little said he, tracing out the involutions with his chair that stood near, he looked rich, dainty, finger, "I fancy I've settled this matter. 'C. R. lovely Miss Bryce straight in the face and an-

tainment Organization."

Olly Chittenden, a young man possessed of harmless intentions, feeble intellect, and a father whose pocketbook was practically bottomless, raised a jubilant "You've hit it, Charlie," while Dr. Naseby nodded approval and smiled his discrete rails. smiled his discreet smile. In another second the guild would have been christened, but Kilche guild would have been christened and the guild would have been christened an center, and there being rebuffed at every turn; which he lounged against the piano, "The peo-ple will take us for a patent health-food con-York starving. Yes, Miss Bryce, I remember York starving. Yes, Miss Bryce, I remember this house well. I have often walked, a shivering, half-clad, literally starving creature, by your very door." Kathleen had listened without moving, but

her bent face had grown pale. When Kilbraith sprang up, as if with the change of attitude to

budding magazinist. He is gaunt and sandy,

and in a few minutes they were walking down plants, and then, pointing at a bunch of dark blue violets in the window, she dictated to the obsequious man who was writing out her directions: "Ten thousand violets like those, made into bunches of twenty-five. Have them ready Easter morning early. Four hundred and a touch of green." She seemed inclined to talk rather fast, and since she had left home Dlease."

Then Mr. Kilbraith said, half unwillingly, had hardly glanced at Kilbraith. If he had not known too fatally well every change in her personal about violets; every girl you meet has them stuck about her."

When Dr. Naseby, turning to Kathleen with figure of an old woman-thin, tall and much | made sure there was no recognition in them.

it together: her battered black bonnet bore wretched ensign of a veil that was slapped sharply across her face by the brisk wind. "Oh," answered the impatient florist, "a good

coughing frightfully the while, she stood starmg at the flowers "Come, you don't want them," the man reminded her, briskly. "Yes, I do want 'em," came the answer, as the cough racked her miserable frame once more,

"What," she exclaimed, "so much!" Then,

"For ten?" said the shopman. "Five cents" fully, muttered: "Five-five cents. That's a "do you think Kilbraith, as a newspaper man, great deal—oh, a great deal." she muttered can have the time or the talent to be an efficient once more, her thin old lips trembling. "I

practically founded it. What do you say, Miss certain steps.

Kilbraith turned to speak to Miss Bryce, who iug down her cheeks, and she said, hurriedly thrusting the flowers into his hands: "Go-follow her; give her these. Find out where she two gentlemen with a little source fin that discouraged further conversation on that sub- where she lives—her name—everything. Oh,

won't you go?" Kilbraith, by a process swifter than reasoning, knew that this emotion was partly a vent for the feeling that she had been suppressing with all her might, and hiding behind a mask of indifference—the feeling roused by his story; but what the nature of that feeling might be he refused to name even to himself. Still, school himself as he would, he was only mortal man, and there stood the woman he loved, all tears and pleading. What if the pleading was only to follow an old woman? To follow that old woman became the dearest object in life. coolly, while seating Miss Bryce at the piano, and turning to the opening music; "I mean the company on the other side of the piano, not on the old creature, and tapped her on the shoulder. She stopped, looked up at him with a pair of wonderfully bright eyes, and now, seeing her face, she seemed more broken by eyes, keen even now; then she looked at Kildeprivations than by years. Having looked up, she drew back as if in terror; then ventured one more glance, recoiled again, hugged her nounced distinctly the name, "Kenneth."

sort of rapture against her face, crooning and when she had sent for him as usual, he crossed | muttering; then, seeming overcome with fright

esteem, if not money itself, the qualities that anything-any help? A doctor for that coughgo to money-making. She'll miss the enter- ch? And money-money for a good cup of

As he spoke the woman seemed to grow only lows." still more terrified, and again letting the flow-"Oh," said Kathleen, trying to command an easy air, and playing with the tassel at her giraway very fast. She even tried to run, and dle, "she has plenty of money. They can buy stumbled and swayed along with surprising stumbled and swayed along with surprising swiftness. Up one street and down another she tottered, looking over her shoulder now pose that a man who pretends to any self-re- and then, now and then uttering a muttered spect can live on his wife's fortune, take his protest, until she reached an old neighborhood ease in his wife's house, order his wife's coach- where some great old-fashioned decaying houses surround a barren, neglected square. New York has grown old enough to have these "But," faltered Kathleen, twisting the tassel hard, "perhaps Miss Van Coyte thinks his good qualities more than an offset for her miserable money."

New York has grown old enough to have these neighborhoods, formerly known as "genteel," but now in a state of dreary paralysis that almost matches some of the old London quarters. The old creature by this time, for very "No matter what the wife thinks. Can a man exhaustion, had to hold by the fence-railings be despised by her oil-king father, made the butt of her oil-worshiping brothers, the slur little when she suddenly turned in at the area of her mother and sisters? Or, worse, can he bear to feel they veil their contempt with pa- had been in its time palatial. All the rusty,

as the head of the customs service. Meanwhile a conservative government succeeded to office in England, and telegrams from the foreign office kept asking. "May we not publish the appointment?" Sir Robert had seen, however, by this time that the customs service would suffer servicely if he left it at that time, and this was more to him than any other honor in the means of personal enrichment. The world. He therefore telegraphed. "Must I means of personal enrichment. Twenty-five years ago Sir Robert wrote to a secretary of state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be two the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be two the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be two the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be two the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be two the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be the state at home that the inspectorate "will have lefter I'd so degreed to be known for rich, to be the state at home that the state a

"Well, a queer old party-the owner, I guess -name of Chubbuck. Seldom comes out."
"Who's the old woman that lives there?" Said the policeman, "Haven't the least idea."

III.-THAT OLD WOMAN. "Oh!" cried Miss Bryce, as Kilbraith told his adventure; "we can't leave her so! She may be abused. She is certainly poor and suffering. Do you think she can be crazy?" "Not a bit of it," said Kilbraith; "she has a shrewd old eye."
"I must find her out by easter." said Kath-

Kilbraith laughed teasingly, "You have a very young-ladyish way of dealing with your proteges—so much bread and meat and flannel, o many picture cards and fresh flowers.

ble aspirations of the poor. Oh, you'd scold me anyway!" "The Jolly Mariners," and being met with derisive laughter blushed very creditably. But at last up spoke Charlie Bond—Bond, the rich stock background at last up spoke Charlie Bond—Bond, when she put out her hand and said. "Don't torment me so, but find our old woman." There was a comradeship, a partnership, in the "our," | ffelds," she died. "How have you learned so well, then?" said and the familiarty of "Don't torment me so" gorically to be faithful to his charge he hurried

Kilbraith had been a newspaper reporter too dark on Saturday evening, and the policy at the corner was settling the national policy at the corner grocery, so Kilbraith reconnoitered. There was took her home.

On the way she said: "You're very quiet tohis ear glued against the basement door he could hear a slight mufile sound recurring at irregular intervals. After a while he could distinguish it clearly as a cough—undoubtedly the cough of that old woman. After cogitating a good while, Kilbraith walked off and brought up before a little drug shop on the nearest corner. He entered, and addressing a brisk young

man in attendance, asked for a good cigar. The brisk young man took several samples from the case and flung them down before his customer. Kilbraith selected two fragrant Havanas, and lighting one himself, handed the In agony and shame! other to the young man.
"Do you smoke?" he said.

"Thank you. Don't care if I do," answered the clerk, accepting the proffered cigar. The way being paved for a familiar chat, Kilbraith, after discovering that the brisk young clerk's name was Joe, entered skillfully upon dining-room there is a big wicker chair, always covered with a rug, so that you cannot sit down in it. In that chair the master of the down that the master of the down that the west. Some of the down that the west is a big wicker chair, always covered all over the right stock-market ring."

at schools or at work. We are scattered all over the west. Some of the emigrating generation and the mysterious house in particular. But starved to death, I believe, here in the east, for when judicious questioning had shown that Joe knew nothing of the house and innocently bebly sure of his next week's dinners. The most promising of the tribe to-day is but lately emancipated from common newspaper 'reporting,' now a journalist of some small promise, and a gust, and felt greatly at odds with himself for having chosen this stalking-ground. But just before midnight he began to respect his own judgment immensely, for there came straight into that shop a slouching old man, and he recognized the greasy coat and flabby face of Chubbuck. "I want some more," said Chubbuck; putting

a bottle on the counter.
"All right," answered Joe; "but, by the way,
who's this for? You've had a lot." "It's for my sister," grumbled Chubbuck.

"Well, I say," remarked Joe, with emphasis, 'you'd better look sharp, for if she dies without a doctor you'll have a coroner's inquest and no end of fuss. Come, you'll have to get a cer-tificate. I don't want to be hauled up about to tenement-house people." "Coroner's hinquest?" mumbled Chubbuck,

with a vulgar English accent. "Well, p'r'aps as I'd better get somebody. What do they ask? I'm poor, but I'll pay a little—not much."
"Say, Joe." Kilbraith called out, "there's Dr. Frink on the avenue; he's cheap."
Old Chubbuck turned the bulging eyes upon Kilbraith, who held his breath until he had Then he informed Chubbuck: "I'm a friend

Tell the doctor," begged Chubbuck, with confidential anxiety, and yet eveing Kilbraith sideways with uneasiness and suspicion—"tell him you know me; that I'm a poor man. He must come cheap. I'll pay a little; not much-

to write a dispatch to be delivered to Miss Bryce in the morning, and easy enough to bring two men from a police station to outside the house. It was easy too, this time. to get in, for the doctor opened the door and led him to the back basement kitchen, where, on a bed in the corner, lay the poor old creature he was commissioned to serve. wretched fire burned low in the great dirty cooking-stove, a few chairs stood about, and over everything lay the grime of years. The front room also had a bed in it, and here, below-stairs, evidently the two had lived, while the rest of the house was given over to the rats that were squealing and tumbling in all the

Chubbuck, who had followed at the doctor's heels, inquired, as Kilbraith came in, "What does he want here?"

"I told him to come," said the doctor, sternly. 'Now there's going to be a death, and we must know everything is right; or there'll be trouble. guild mainly in the hands of Miss Bryce, who side on the walk as she tried to steer her un-practically founded it. What do you say, Miss certain steps. Is this woman your sister?"
"Well, no," answered Chubbuck, "she hain't,

She's just an old cretur as I've got the care of, you want to, but I suppose she couldn't speak a word if she tried; eh?" "No; she'll die very soon," said the doctor; and held a candle so its light fell on the weird face in the bed, on the rolling, half-closed eyes,

the sunken mouth, and the few white elf-locks. The cough sounded muffled now and dull, as if the grave were already closing her in. Chubbuck, being at best ghoulish, was not pleasant to see as he said: "There hain't no ope, is there? Dear! dear! She can't speak nor move, can she? Dear! dear!" And bend-

ing over the bed he touched her. She gave a strangled scream, and the doctor commanded, sternly, "Let her alone!" "Of course," answered Chubbuck; "but hev-

erything's right. She likes me. You'll see as heverything's right." Whereupon the doctor gave him an order to bring her some medicine to ease her at the last, and took care it should be found only in a distant part of the city.

Kilbraith and the doctor sat long in silence. listening to the rattling breath, until unexpectedly there came a respite. She opened her eyes, put out a skinny hand toward some liquid food that was on the stove; Kilbraith brought braith, who was holding the lighted candle. long and steadily, and having looked, she pro-Kilbraith, in astonishment, nearly dropped both cup and candle, and stammered: "Why, she spoke my name. Is her mind wandering and by some chance has she known somebody of thal name?"

"She's not wandering," whispered the doctor; "she's perfectly lucid." Then Kilbraith, eagerly bending over the bed, waited—waited to witness a strange and pitiful scene that was to mark a turning point in his life.

IV .- THE END.

braith?" "I am Kenneth Kilbraith," answered the young man-"Kenneth Esme Kilbraith."

years ago, and I thought I see his ghost when you give me the flowers in the street. You're his very pictur', Kenneth Esme Kilbraith, of Dumfries, an' Donald, his brother." "Donald was my father," said Kilbraith; "Kenneth Esmé was my uncle after whom they

The old woman gasped The doctor raised her a little more and she went on feebly and with sometimes a long struggle for breath, but lucidly: "The Kilbraiths hated me because I wur not Scotch, and I hated them. I wur an by the orchard wall. Kenneth an' me come to New York, an' he got rich, an' he left all to me.

"Yes," Kathleen retorted, "and if I didn't give the flowers you'd say I ignored the possi-"Chubbuck never got th' upper hand, after all," she muttered; then, with a sort of convol-Miss Bryce had lately been ceding to him sion that was terribly like a malicious smile,

The Easter dawn, creeping through the begrimed windows, found Kilbraith in a kind of

stupor, The whole thing seemed to him like some wild story, not a real experience.

It was still early when Kathleen Bryce arlong to fail in obtaining entrance to any house, however tightly it might be sealed. It was dark on Saturday evening, and the policeman her in the hallway. She went, with a sigh, and laid the flowers on the dead hands, and then he

> 'Take care," answered Kilbraith, making her color mount with the new audacity in his eyes, "that I don't torment you all your life." Fanny Foster Clark in Harper's Bazar.

> > Go, Comfort Ye.

The day was worn. The Sabbath eve crept on and vanished in the night-the second since That deed on Calvary. Oh, dire the deed That made the earth to tremble and the sun Grow black, while Nature turned and hid her

And now the morrow's dawn And hung its timid light above the hills. Through the gray shadows, silently, two forms, The tearful Marys, bent their steps toward The place, the hollowed rock wherein their Master

One look they craved on that pale, thorn-pierced brow— A last fond look on Him they loved—on Him

Whose love for them, yea more, for all the world, Outweighed His life on Calvary's top. They reached the spot. No hindering stone found they
To block the tomb; but near it, lo, they saw A sight that shook their hearts with fear and joy. Clad in the white of Heaven sat its messenger, Whose face was like the lightning's flash, and yet Whose words did drop like balm upon their wounded souls "Be not afraid. Why come ye here? Why look ye For the living 'mong the dead? Go, comfort ye,

Is risen with the morn!"

for Christ, the crucified, whom ye do seek,

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## A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

An Eloquent Wisconsin Preacher Who Can Fight as Well as Pray.

From the Eau Claire, Wis., Free Press. The Rev. John Holt, of Arkansaw, Pepin County, Wis., who recently assisted a saloonkeeper of the village to throw his stock of liquor in the street and destroy the barroom furniture, is a very remarkable man. He is 5 It was easy enough, as Kilbraith met the doctor, to speak a word in his ear; easy enough proaching the advanced age of sixty-five years, proaching the advanced age of sixty-five years, is wiry and muscular and possesses more than ordinary nerve and activity. Numerous authentic stories are told illustrating the power and peculiar temperament of the man. Several years ago he was engaged in religious

work in Maiden Rock, a small village on the Mississippi river, in this state. The village was overcrowded with the saloon industry, and Elder Holt was a leader in opposition to the liquor traffic, making himself so conspicuous in the work that he incurred the bitterest enmity of the saloon men. Going down the street one day he encountered a gathering of citizens on the corner, and being a man who invariably seized opportunity, he mounted a salt barrel which stood conveniently near and proceeded to harangue the crowd on the evils of the liquor traffic. The saloon men getting wind of the unusual procedure, immediately despatched a burly emissary with instructions to suppress the impromptu speaker, even if the act in-volved the necessity of dragging him down and bruising his ministerial person. The emissary and heverything's right. You can hask'er if you want to, but I suppose she couldn't speak a and stated to the reverend gentleman that if he didn't "come down right off and shut up his yawp" he would kick the barrel aforesaid from under him and punch his head besides. The muscular parson did not wait for a second invitation. He "came down" at once, and as soon as he could reach the "emissary" ceeded to informally administer one of the oldfashioned maulings that we read of in stories of Israel Putnam, Daniel Boone and other oldtimers who were great in their ability to create surprises of the nature in question.

Illustrating Holt's aptness at repartee, it is related that he was once driving a spirited team of horses along a country road. way, it is his custom invariably to drive two horses, and he is a judge of horseflesh, too. Meeting on this particular trip a brace of ministers of the Presbyterian and Baptist persuasions, respectively, the latter accosted him with the words: "Why, howd'y-do, Holt? How does it occur that you can afford to drive two horses?" "Oh, I'm none of your one-horse preachers," replied Holt, as he drove rapidly onward.

## GEMS AND THEIR COMPOSITION. Work that Nature's MysteriousChemistry Does in Forming Precious Stones. From the New York Sun.

"No," said the chemist, "the ruby is not called a ruby because it is red, for the topaz, which may be yellow or a delicate wine color, and the sapphire, which is blue, are both rubies. The humble toiler consoling himself rubies. The humble toiler consoling himself with his clay tobacco pipe, the potter moulding the plastic clay into shape upon his magic wheel, or the delver in damp slate quarries, probably does not know that his pipe and his clay and his brittle slate are of of the very substance from which the The old woman presently spoke again, her are of of the very substance from which the feebly working fingers showing intense nervous | flaming Oriental ruby, the mellow topaz and eagerness. Her tones had here and there some- the rich sapphire are evolved; but such is the thing of the provincial burr of the north of fact. They are among the most beautiful of England. "Did you ever hear o' Kenneth Kil- gems, yet are but simple crystals of a sillaceous earth-mere cits of alumnia. The glorions blue light that lurks wihtin the sapphire is the "Kenneth Esme! My God! there couldna be mony o' that name. My husband was Kenneth. I'm Eliza Kilbraith. He died five-and-twenty

earth—mere cits of alumnia. The glorions blue light that lurks within the sapphire is the chemical action of one grain of iron on every 100 grains of alumnia. The red ruby owes its brightness and hue to a mingling of chronic acid with the parent clay.

"Different from the Oriental topaz is the topaz from Brazil, which, beautiful as it is, is nothing but a compound of silica or flint, and alumina, which also make the garnet, and largely compose the Occidental emerald and the beryl stone. These two stone also contain an earth known as glucina, so called because of the sweetness of the salts discovered in it.

"The diamond is the king of gems, a monarch blazing like the sun, and the opal is its moonlight queen. Yet, as every one knows, the diamond is only a chip of coal, and the opal, as provided the consulted daily, 464 C st. between 44 and 6th

wur not Scotch, and I hated them. I wur an English lass. Kenneth said I wur loike a violet —pretty an's weet. Heaps o' them growed down of silica and water. But the diamond is the spiritual evolution of coal, the realization of its highest being. Ten parts of water and ninety parts of silica, combined in the mystic crucible

offending little empire chair—"I'd let my love for a rich woman, if I had it, eat my heart out before I'd so degrade my manhood as to either drag her to my level or force myself to hers."

"Do you esteem money so servilely, then," said Miss Bryce, "that you hold it determines any one's level?"

"Esteem money? No," cried Kilbraith; "but to—to Forshay, for instance, the possession of it would bring the only proof he could possibly offer that he was not a miserable cad. For more is self, I despise it, I despise it, I despise it, I despise it, and yet I wish I had it."

Kilbraith looked up and down the front of the mysterious house and muttered: "By spise it, and yet I wish I had it."

What on more itself, I despise it, I despise it, I despise it, I despise it, and yet I wish I had it."

Then, with is usual readiness to jibe at any weakness or inconsistency, even in himself, he added, "I despise it, and yet I wish I had it."

Then, with is danged the door again and bolted it.

Kilbraith looked up and down the front of the mysterious house and muttered: "By like of the mysterious house and muttered: "By lookens," I then he spise it, and yet I wish I had it."

Then he went to the content of row murdered, or perhaps have the Kilbraith, institute of rank the rents; an' he liked to see the money light the rents; an' he liked to see the money light the rents; an' he liked to see the money. The person are in my bed. For twenty years ago of many. The person are in my bed. For twenty years ago of many. The person are in my bed. For twenty years ago of many. The person are in my bed. For twenty years ago in got chubbuck on more. Hush! It's not much. It's this house an' a few more—twenty marks in the rents; an' he liked to see the money in the rents; an' he liked to see the money. The he was not a misserable cad. For twenty years ago of many. The person are in my bed. For twenty years ago in got con. Hush! All the solidation of the rents; an' he liked to see the Mose and a greasy coat.

"But the rolls in the odd is the rents;

or tear it up in a second. See, it's here—here. He tried to take it when I couldn't speak, but without murderin' me he couldn't. He thinks it's a' right, though, when I'm gone. Help me—help," She plucked at her bony neck. The doctor pulled at a string about her throat, and drew out a small folded paper, creased and dirty. She pointed to the candle. He brought it. Her quivering hand held the paper in the flame, and the burning mass went out harmlessly on the floor. "Quick" she whispered, the voice growing almost inaudible; "I want to make a new will, Write,"

The doctor sent Kilbraith to call in the two men who were watching outside, and he wrote with a pocket pen on a slip from his memorandum-book, "All my estate" (she dictated) "to Kenneth Esme Kilbraith, son of Donald Kilbraith and nephew of my late husband." She made one supreme effort, secured the pen in her shaking hand, and wrote legibly, for even the control of the places in the place of the Quartermaster, Finlandelphin, Passaded Proposals will also be received at this office until TWELVE OCLOCK M. of the MNTH PAY OF MAY NEXT for furnishms for the 30th June, 1804, 24. Portsmouth, N. Island and San Francisco, Cal. Scaled Proposals will also be received at this office until TWELVE OCLOCK M. of the MNTH PAY OF MAY NEXT for furnishms from the sistent quartermaster, Finlandelphin, Passaded Proposals will ask the received at the office of the Advanced.

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